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SYNOPSIS.

Challis Wrandall is found murdered in a road house near New York. Mrs. Wrandall is summoned from the city and identifies the body. A young woman who accompanied Wrandall to the inn and subsequently disappeared, is suspected. Wrandall, it appears, had led a gay life and neglected his wife. Mrs. Wrandall starts back for New York in an auto during a blinding snow storm. On the way she meets a young woman in the road who proves to be the woman who killed Wrandall. Feeling that the girl had done her a service in ridding her of the man who though she loved him deeply, had caused her great sorrow. Mrs. Wrandall determines to shield her and takes her to her own home. Mrs. Wrandall hears the story of Hetty Castleton's life, except that portion that relates to Wrandall. This and the story of the tragedy she forbids the girl sver to tell. She offers Hetty a home, friendship and security from perlion account of the tragedy, Mrs. Sara Wrandall and Hetty attend the funeral of Challis Wrandall at the home of his parents.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

Beside Sara Wrandall, on the small, pink divan, sat a stranger in this somber company: a young woman in black, whose pale face was uncovered, and whose lashes were lifted so rarely that one could not know of the deep. real pain that lay behind them, in her

She had arrived at the house an hour or two before the time set for the ceremony, in company with the widow. True to her resolution, the widow of Challis Wrandall had remained away from the home of his people until the last hour. She had been consulted, to be sure, in regard to the final arrangements, but the meetings had taken place in her own apartment, many blocks distant from the house in lower Fifth avenue. The afternoon before she had received Redmond Wrandall and Leslie, his son. She had not sent for them. They came perfunctorily and not through any sense of obligation. These two at least knew that sympathy was not what she wanted, but peace. Twice during the two trying days, Leslie had come to see her, Vivian telephoned.

On the occasion of his first visit, Leslie had met the guest in the house. The second time he called, he made it a point to ask Sara all about her. It was he who gently closed the door after the two women when, on

the morning of the funeral, they entered the dark, flower-laden room in which stood the casket containing the body of his brother. He left them alone together in that room for half an hour or more, and it was he who went forward to meet them when they came forth. Sara leaned on his arm as she ascended the stairs to the room where the others were waiting. The ashen-faced girl followed.

Mrs. Wrandall, the elder, kissed ra and drew on the couch. To her own surprise, as well as that of the others, Sara broke down and wept bitterly. After all. she was sorry for Challis' mother. It was the human instinct, she could not hold out against it. And the older heart to denounce her to the world. woman put away the ancient grudge she held against this mortal enemy and dissolved into tears of real com-

A little later she whispered brokenly in Sara's ear: "My dear, my dear, this has brought us together. I hope you will learn to love me."

Sara caught her breath, but uttered no word. She looked into her motherin-law's eyes, and smiled through her tears. The Wrandalls, looking on in amaze, saw the smile reflected in the face of the older woman. Then it was that Vivian crossed quickly and put her arms about the shoulders of her sister-in-law. The white flag on both

Hetty Castleton stood alone and wavering, just inside the door. No stranger situation could be imagined than the one in which this unfortunate girl found herself at the present moment. She was virtually in the hands of those who would destroy her; she was in the house of those who most deeply were affected by her act on that fatal night. Among them all she stood, facing them, listening to the moans and sobs, and yet her limbs did not give way beneath her.

Some one gently touched her arm. It was Leslie. She shrank back, a fearful look in her eyes. In the semidarkness he failed to note the expres-

"Won't you sit here?" he asked, indicating the little pink divan against the wall. "Forgive me for letting you stand so long."

She looked about her, the wild light

still in her eyes. She was like a rat in a trap. Her lips parted, but the word of

thanks did not come forth. A strange, inarticulate sound, almost a gasp, came instead. Pallid as a ghost, she dropped limply to the divan, and dug her fingers into the satiny seat. As if fascinated, she stared over the black heads of the three women immediately in front of her at the fullportrait hanging where the om the hall fell upon it: the

> wrandall came The girl when

raven-like specters in tearing her to

pieces if they but knew!

The droning voice came up from below, each well-chosen word distinct and clear: tribute beautiful to the irreproachable character of the deceased. did not occur to him to feel that she raining at that. was out of place among them, that she belonged down stairs. Somehow she was a part of the surroundings, like the specter at the feast.

· If he could have witnessed all that transpired while Sara was in the room below with her guest-her companion, as he had come to regard her without having in fact been told as much-be most overwhelming emotions.

To go back: The door had barely Hetty's trembling knees gave way beneath her. With a low moan of horror, she slipped to the floor, covering her face with her hands.

Sara knelt beside her. I know it is terrible, but it is the true test of your ability to go through with you have the courage to face anything that may come up."

She waited a long time, her hand on arose

"You are right," she said hoarsely. "I should not be afraid." Later on they sat over against the

they had peered with widely varying emotions. Sara had said: "You know that I loved him."

The girl put her hands to her eyes and bowed her head.

"Oh, how can you be so merciful

"Because he was not," said Sara, white-lipped. Hetty glanced at the half-averted face with queer, indescribable expression in her eyes.

If Leslie Wrandall could have looke in upon them at that moment, or at any time during the half an hour that followed, he would have known who was the slaver of his brother, but it is doubtful if he could have had the pigments: he was an artist.

When they were ready to leave the her nerves to a most surprising extent, a condition unmistakably due to the influence of the older woman.

"I can trust myself now, Mrs. Wrandall," said Hetty steadily as they hesitated for an instant before turning the knob of the door,

"Then I shall ask you to open the door," said Sara, drawing back.

Without a word or a look, Hetty opened the door and permitted the other to pass out before her. Then she followed, closing it gently, even deliberately, but not without a swift glance over her shoulder into the depths of the room they were leaving.

Of the two, Sara Wrandall was the paler as they went up the broad staircase with Leslie.

The funeral oration by the Rev. Dr. Malthy dragged on. Among all his hearers there was but one who believed the things he said of Challis Wrandall, and she was one of two persons who, so they saying goes, are



a dashing youth in riding Hetty's Trembling Knees Gave Way Beneath Her.

the last to find a man out; his mother and his sister. But in this instance the mother was alone. The silent, attentive guests on the lower floor med in grim approval: Dr. Maltby himself proud. Not one but new that Malthy knew.

ing he was.

CHAPTER V.

Discussing a Sister-in-Law.

tionless features, and yet without a town clubs, a little more than a year conscious interest in her. He was after the events described in the foredully sensible to the fact that she was going chapters. Drearily, I have said,

"I met Mrs. Wrandall a few years ago in kome," said his companion, renewing interest in a conversation that had died some time before of its own exhaustion. "She's most attractive, I saw her but once. I think it was at somebody's fete."

"She's returning to New York the end of the month," said Leslie "Been would have been lost in a maze of the abroad for over a year. She had a villa at Nice this winter."

"I remember her quite well. I was closed behind the two women when of an age then to be particularly sensitive to female loveliness. If I'd been staying on in Rome, I should have screwed up the courage, I'm sure, to have asked her to sit for me."

Brandon Booth was of an old Phila-"Come," she said gently, but firmly; delphia family: an old and wealthy "I must exact this much of you. If family, Both views considered, he was we are to go on together, as we have qualified to walk hand in glove with planned, you must stand beside me at the fastidious Wrandalls. Leslie's his bier. Together we must look upon mother was charmed with him behim for the last time. You must see cause she was also the mother of Vivhim as I saw him up there in the ian. The fact that he went in for porcountry. I had my cruel blow that trait painting and seemed averse to night. It is your turn now. I will not subsisting on the generosity of his blame you for what you did. But if father, preferring to live by his talyou expect me to go on believing that ent, in no way operated against him. you did a brave thing that night, you so far as Mrs. Wrandall was conmust convince me that you are not a cerned. That was his lookout, not coward now. It is the only test I shall hers; if he elected to that sort of put you to. Come; I know it is hard, thing, all well and good. He could afford to be eccentric; there remained, in the perspective he scorned, the bulk it to the end. I shall know then that of a huge fortune to offset whatever idiosyncrasies he might choose to cultivate. Some day, in spite of himself, she contended serenely, he would be the girl's shoulder. At last Hetty very, very rich. What could be more desirable than fame, family and fortune all heaped together and thrust handsome young man?

He had been the pupil of celebrated wall beyond the casket, into which draftsmen and painters in Europe, and sidered. The mere fact that he was a living was sufficient cause for won-

studied with or under. fashionable resting place. It was a workshop. You could have tea there, His studio in New York was not a quite as much of a workshop as any you could mention. He was not a dabbler in art, not a mere dauber of

Booth was thirty-perhaps a year or two older; tall, dark and good lookroom Hetty had regained control of ing. The air of the thoroughbred marked him. He did not affect loose, flowing cravats and baggy trousers, nor was he careless about his fingernails. He was simply the ordinary, every-day sort of chap you would meet in Fifth avenue during parade hours, and you would take a second look at him because of his face and manner but not on account of his dress. Some of his ancestors came over ahead of the Mayflower, but he did not gloat,

Leslie Wrandall was his closest friend and harshest critic. It didn't really matter to Booth what Leslie said of his paintings: he quite understood that he didn't know anything about them.

"When does Mrs. Wrandall return?" club's window.

"That's queer," said Leslie, looking "I was thinking of Sara myself. She sails next week. I've had a letter asking me to open her house in it fifteen or twenty years ago, and left

ernoon last summer." "It must have been quite as much of a novelty to her as it was to you, old chap," said Leslie gloomily.

'What do you mean?" "Vivian's a bit of a snob. She never liked the place because old man Gooch built it out of worsteds. She never vent there."

"But the old man's been dead for years.

"That doesn't matter. The fact is Vivian didn't quite take to Sara until after-well, until after Challis died. We're dreadful snobs, Brandy, the whole lot of us. Sara was quite good fond of her, and always have been. We're pals. 'Gad, it was a fearful slap at the home folks when Challis justified Sara by getting snuffed out the way he did."

Booth made an attempt to change the subject, but Wrandall got back

"Since then we've all been exceedwe're afraid she'll marry some chap who wouldn't be acceptable to us."

out of it," said Booth coldly. of all. You see, Challis was era, in spite of everything. and under it she came that includes a ely refined

it would

Down in her heart mother is saying to | dall called at the hotel immediately | located, so far as neighbors were conother hand, she refuses to meddle. She mother."

"I wouldn't say that, Les, if I were in your place.' "It is a rather priggish thing to say,

isn't it?" "Rather." "You see, I'm the only one who

really took sides with Sara. I forget myself sometimes. She was such a upon him, brick, all those years." Booth was stlent for a moment, noting the reflective look in his compan-

ion's eyes. "I suppose the police haven't given



"You Must Play the Game, Hetty."

up the hope that sooner or later theupon one exceedingly interesting and er-the woman will do something to give herself away," said he.

"They don't take any stock in my theory that she made way with herself | flercely: had exhibited a sincerity of purpose the same night. I was talking with that was surprising, all things conanyone who had wit to cover up her not obliged to paint in order to obtain tracks as she did, is not the kind to make way with herself. Perhaps he's and wonder. der among the artists he met and right. It sounds reasonable. 'Gad, I felt sorry for the poor girl they had stand in you, Sara," she said slowly. up last spring. She went through the dreamed about that girl, Brandy, and what they put her through. It's a sort of nightmare to me, even when I'm awake. Oh, they've questioned others as well, but she was the only one to have the screws twisted in just that way."

"Where is she now?" "She's comfortable enough now When I wrote to Sara about what she'd been through, she settled a neat bit of money on her, and she'll never want for anything. She's out west somewhere, with her mother and sisters. I tell you, Sara's a wonder. She's got a heart of gold."

"I look forward to meeting her, old man."

"I was with her for a few weeks this winter. In Nice, you know. Vivian stayed on for a week, but mother had to get to the baths. 'Gad, I believe she hated to go. Sara's got a most adorable girl staying with her. A daughter of Colonel Castleton, and she's connected in some way with the Murgatroyds-old Lord Murgatroyd, asked the painter, after a long period you know. I think her mother was of silence spent in contemplation of niece of the old boy. Anyhow, mother the gleaming pavement beyond the and Vivian have taken a great fancy to her. That's proof of the pudding." "I think Vivian mentioned a companion of some sort."

"You wouldn't exactly call her companion," said Leslie. "She's got the country. Her place is about two money to burn, I take it. Quite keeps miles from father's. It hasn't been up with Sara in making it fly, and that's opened in two years. Her father built saying a good deal for her resources. I think it's a pose on her part, this it to her when he died. She and calling herself a companion. An Eng-Challis spent several summers there." lish joke, eh? As a matter of fact, "Vivian took me through it one aft she's an old friend of Sara's and my brother's too. Knew them in England. Most delightful girl. Oh, I say, old man, she's the one for you to paint." Leslie waxed enthusiastic. "A type, a positive type. Never saw such eyes in all my life. Dammit, they haunt you. You dream about 'em."

"You seem to be hard hit," said Booth indifferently. He was watching the man in the "slicker" through

moody eyes. "Oh, nothing like that," disclaimed Leslie with unnecessary promptness. "But if I were given to that sort of thing, I'd be bowled over in a minute. Positively adorable face. If I thought in the market nothing is more disenough for a much better man than you had it in you to paint a thing as my brother. She really couldn't help it really is I'd commission you myself the worsteds, you know. I'm very to do a miniature for me, just to have it around where I could pick it up parasite on hennery profits is a fam- available are used in the same manwhen I liked and hold it between my ily pet that the owners do not wish to ner. This is a pungent plant which, hands, just as I've often wanted to kill. But as with other pests, remedy hold the real thing."

Sara Wrandall returned to New fully: York at the end of the month, and Leslie met her at the dock, as he did on an occasion fourteen months earingly sweet on Sara. Not because we lier. Then she came in on a fierce circumstances should the powder be want to be, mind you, but because gale from the wintry Atlantic; this placed where it is accessible to chiltime the air was soft and balmy and dren. sweet with the kindness of spring. It "I should consider that a very neat was May and the sea was blue, the

land was green. Again she went to the small, exclueive hotel near the park. Her apart- pocket knife into the shell. Paste a ment was closed, the butler and his small piece of white paper over the wife and all of their hastily recruited broken portion, and place the egg in company being in the country, await- one of the nests, preferably in a seing her arrival from town. Leslie at cluded spot, where the dog has been tended to everything. He lent his re- accustomed to nilfer. Put it where he sourceful man servant and his motor to his lovely sister-in-law, and saw to We're it that his mother and Vivian sent egg. lowers to the ship. Redmond Wran- Having eaten this polson the dog be-

herself it would be just like Sara to after banking hours, kiesed his daugh-cerned. Her father, Sebastian Gooch, get even with us by doing just that ter-in-law, and delivered an ultimatum shrewdly foresaw the day when land "You remember my sister-in-law, sort of a trick. Of course Sara is rich second-hand from the power at home: in this particular section of the sub-don't you, Brandy?" was the question enough without accepting a sou under she was to come to dinner and bring urban world would return dollars for that Leslie Wrandall put to a friend the will, but she's a canny person. She Miss Castleton. A little quiet family pennies, and wisely bought thousands Leslie watched the face of the girl, one afternoon, as they sat drearily in hasn't handed it back to us on a silver dinner, you know, because they were of acres: woodland, meadowland, curiously fascinated by the set, emo- a window of one of the fashionable up- platter, with thanks; still, on the all in mourning, he said in conclusion, beachland and hills, inserted between vaguely realizing all the while that it the environs of New York city and makes us feel pretty small. She won't really wasn't necessary to supply the the rich towns up the coast. Years sell out to us. She just sits tight information, but, for the life of him, beautiful, uncommonly beautiful. It for the reason that it was Sunday, and That's what gets under the skin with unable to think of anything else to say under the circumstances. Somehow it seemed to him that while Sara look, and transformed that particular was in black she was not in mourning part of his wilderness into a millionin the same sense that the rest of aire's paradise, where he could dawdle them were. It seemed only right to and putter to his heart's content, acquaint her with the conditions in his household. And he knew that he deserved the scowl that Leslie bestowed

Sara accepted, much to his surprise and gratification. He had been rather dublous about it. It would not have surprised him in the least if she had declined the invitation, feeling, as he did, that he had in a way come to her with a white flag or an olive branch or whatever it is that a combative force utilizes when it wants to surrender in the cause of humanity.

As soon as they were alone Hetty turned to her friend. "Oh, Sara, can't you go without me?

Tell them that I am ill-suddenly ill. I-I don't think it right or honorable of me to accept-" Sara shook her head, and the words

died on the girl's lips. "You must play the game, Hetty."

"It's-very hard," murmured the "I know, my dear," said Sara gently. "If they should ever find out," gasped the girl, suddenly giving way to the dread that had been lying dormant all these months.

"They will never know the truth unless you choose to enlighten them," said Sara, putting her arm about the girl's shoulders and drawing her close. "You never cease to be wonderful, Sera-so very wonderful," cried the

Sara regarded her in silence for a moment, reflecting. Then, with a swift rush of tears to her eyes, she cried

"You must never, never tell me all that happened, Hetty! You must not speak it with your own lips." Hetty's eyes grew dark with pain

"That is the thing I can't under-"We must not speak of it!"

of course, and you were sure to meet The Ashtley girl, you remember. I've voice. "Have I not kept it locked in to find that he had made no mistake. "Hush!"

> "I shall go mad if I cannot talk with you about-" "No, no! It is the forbidden sub-

ject! I know all that I should knowall that I care to know. We have not said so much as this in months-in ages, it seems. Let sleeping dogs tie-We are better off, my dear. I could not touch your lips again." "I-I can't bear the thought of

"Kiss me now, Hetty."

"I could die for you, Sara," cried Hetty, as she impulsively obeyed the command. "I mean that you shall live for me."

said Sara, smiling through her tears "How silly of me to cry. It must be the room we are in. These are the same rooms, dear, that you came to on the night we met. Ah, how old I feel!"

"Old? You say that to me? I am ages and ages older than you," cried Hetty, the color coming back to her soft cheeks. "You are twenty-three."

"And you are twenty-eight."

Sara had a far-away look in her eyes. "About your size and figure," said she, and Hetty did not comprehend.

CHAPTER VI.

Sara Wrandall's house in the country stood on a wooded knoll overlooking the sound. It was rather remotely amids the size of that of Cheops,

afterward he built a commodious summer home on the choicest point that his property afforded, named it Southwhere he could spend his time and his money with a prodigality that came so late in life to him that he made waste of both in his haste to live down a rather parsimonious past.

Two miles and a half away, in the heart of a scattered colony of purseproud New Yorkers, was the country home of the Wrandalls, an imposing place and older by far than Southlook. It had descended from wellworn and time-stained ancestors to Redmond Wrandall, and, with others of its kind, looked with no little scorn upon the modern, mushroom structures that sprouted from the seeds of trade. There was no friendship between the old and the new. Each had recourse to a bitter contempt for the other, though consolation was small in comparison.

It was in the wooded by-ways of this despised domain that Challis Wrandall and Sara, the earthly daughter of other, her face very white and bleak. Midas, met and loved and defied all things supernal, for matches are made in heaven. Their marriage did not open the gates of Nineveh. Sebastian Gooch's paradise was more completely ostracised than it was before the disaster. The Wrandalls spoke of it as a disaster.

Clearly the old merchant was not over-pleased with his daughter's choice, a conclusion permanently established by the alteration he made girl, with a look of worship in her in his will a year or two after the marriage. True, he left the vast estate to his beloved daughter Sara, but he fastened a stout string to it, and with this string her hands were tied. It must have occurred to him that Challis was a profligate in more ways than one, for he deliberately stipulated in his will that Sara was not to sell a foot of the ground until a period of twenty years had elapsed. A very polite way, it would seem, of making his investment safe in the face of considerable odds.

He lived long enough after the making of his will, I am happy to relate, As he preceded his son-in-law into th great beyond by a scant three years, it readly may be seen that he wrought too well by far. Seventeen unnecessary years of proscription remained. and he had not intended them for Sara alone. He was not afraid of Sara, but for her.

When the will was read and the condition revealed, Challis Wrandall took it in perfect good humor. He had the grace to proclaim in the bosom of his father's family that the old gentleman was a father-in-law to be proud of. "A canny old boy," he had announced with his most engaging smile, quite free from rancor or resentment. Challis was well acquainted with himself. And so the acres were strapped together snugly and firmly, without so

much as a town lot protruding. So impressed was Challis by the farsightedness of his father-in-law that he forthwith sat him down and made a will of his own. He would not have it said that Sara's father did a whit better by her than he would do. He left everything he possessed to his wife, but put no string to it, blandly implying that all danger would be past when she came into possession. There was a sort of grim humor in the way he managed to present himself to view as the real and ready source of peril.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Gigantic Operation. Earth excavated from Panama canal was sufficient to build gixty-three pyr-



CURE DOGS OF EATING EGGS | comes violently sick and will subse Small Amount of Tartar Emetic Will Break the Habit, According

When eggs are bringing top rices couraging than to find, on making the round of the nests that the dog has lies only with killing or curing. Here

to Authority.

Buy one dram of tartar emeticthis is a poison and should be handled with the greatest of care. Under no

is a cure which I have used success-

Pip a small piece out of an eggshell, pour out a little of the contents and put about as much of the tartar emetic as will cover the point of a small can get it quickly before the hens have a chance to crack the treated

quently shun eggs. This means of curing the habit, though drastic, is effectual. It will not result in the death of the dog unless an overdose is given.

Some farmers use red pepper instead of the tartar emetic, a pinch of pepper concealed in a baited egg often being effectual. Throughout the been there before you. Often this southern states Indian turnips when when eaten, causes the tongue to smart and burn and often to swell.-George H. Dacy in the Country Gentleman.

> The Only Way. Mrs. Pankhurst, as the Majestic sailed from New York, talked to a reporter about the comparative deceitfulness of men and women

"Women," said the reporter, "are the more deceitful." "No," said Mrs. Pankhurst, "men are the worse. Look at the way they de-

ceive their wives." "Do you claim," the reporter asked, "that men should never deceive their wives?"

Mrs. Pankhurst smiled and tosse "Oh, no," she said. "How could the

average man ever get a wife if he

THEIR NEW NEIGHBOR

By LUCY CONKEY.

****************** "How do you like your new neig bors?" asked Mrs. Camuel of friend, Mrs. Easterlie.

"She's a fine little woman, but she going to spoil every husband in the entire neighborhood if she remain here long enough."

"Heavens! You don't mean to say

"Certainly not! She is a perfect lady, and would not firt with any man. She thinks her husband is the finest man in the world." "Perhaps he is."

"And you with a husband of your own to say such a thing as that! I have often wondered if you and Mr.

Camuel got along as well as you-"We get along as well as some other people I could mention."

"Meaning me and my husband, of course. We have our spats on the nights when he comes home overworked and cross. I won't stand any of his growly bear business from any man. A man should at least bring some sunshine with him when he comes from town."

"That's the way I look at it. Jack Easterlie and I quarrel occasionally, but on the whole we get along as well as our neighbors. But we were talking about Mrs. Braynerd. In what way do you suppose she will go about spoiling our husbands? I don't expect that she can spoil either of them -much."

"That's the truth! But the danger lies in the different manner in which she handles her husband." "Well, her husband is a smaller

man than either of our husbands, and we couldn't begin to handle ours." "I did not mean in that w.y. Take, for instance, last night. An ild friend of Mr. Braynerd's came into own and went out there for supper. \He had only an hour and a half u il train, and Mr. Braynerd went to e train

with him, telling his day



jorle that he would be right assist her with her school "That was no more than of

have done." "Of course, not. But when he got home he found a note the size of an office letter-head hanging on the doorbell. The note read: | 'Robert, come right along down to Warburtons. They telephoned for us, and then Mr. Warburton came after us when he found you were out.' It was signed with Mrs. Braynerd's name and the names of the children."

"Hmm! I'd like to see my husband stand for a trick like that!"

"Same here! I'll bet Jack's lan guage would blister the paint on the house if I should do a thing like that." "But the worst is yet to come When he got to Warburton's he found a similar note or their door, reading We have all been invited over to Mr and Mrs. Cleavage's to meet some friends of theirs from Cleveland Come on over.' And that was signed with the name of Mrs. Braynerd and the children."

"The idea!" "Right there is where my husbane would have got Cleavage's on the tele phone and read the riot act to me." "Same here. But what did Mr Braynerd do?"

"The Braynerds remained at Cleav age's quite a while, then they wen back to Warburton's, and when the; got there they found that Mr. Bray nerd had turned the note over and written: 'I have gone home. All o you come up there." "And did he roast his wife when

he got her home?" . "He was not there. When they ar-

rived home—the Braynerds, I mean, and the Warburtons with them-they found ! note saying: 'I have decided to go around to Cleavage's. Come around there.' And when they got to Cleavage's they found a note reading: I have gone back home.' So they all dragged their weary feet around there. And there they found that Mr. Braynerd had gone around to the delicatespen store and rustled up a Dutch lunch, and the lunch and Braynerd and the Cleavages were awaiting them. And they had a grand little

luncheon. "And she didn't give him a piece o

her mind?" "Not a piece. And he didn't give her a piece of his mind. Wasn't that ridiculous?" "Indeed, it was. But, do you know,

believe this whole neighborhood needs spoiling just the way the Braynerds are spoiled." "Doesn't it? I hope she'll stay. She

may begin spoiling my husband as soon as she likes." "Mine, too; and my hasband has a wife that a little of that sort of spol ing would improve some

"That's the truth!"- Chicago Da

Have Varying Regulations. the same laws

No two nations have the same law regulating the handling and storage of explosives.